The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MCKENZIE, Editor and Proprietor.

BROCKWAY CENTER, ; MICH.

If Stanley is the white pasha and is working his way northward toward Gondokoro and Omdurman, the fate of the mahdi is sealed. A tyrant of his kind will be deserted by his troops at the first clash of arms, and Stanley is no mean general. It may be reserved for him to complete the work which Wolesley was unable to accomplish and to avenge the death of Gordon. If this should prove to be his destiny, and if this was his objective point when he left England, how admirably the secret has been kept. There is nothing incredible in this conjecture. The opening of equatorial Africa one of the most fertile populous sections of the world, to civilization and trade, involved two prior conditions—the overthrow of the slave trade and the extinction of Moslem intolerance of the foreigner. The mahdi was a fair type of both. He is not known to have been a slave trader himself, but he was the ally of the slave traders, and in one sense a protector of their nefarious traffic. Of the savage bigotry of the ancient Moslem he is one of the few surviving representatives. He believes in destroying Giaours because they are Giaours. If he lets them live, it is in order that he may subject them to indignity and humiliate their religion in their persons. The time has passed when civilized nations thought it their duty to go to war to propagate a religious faith. But the time has not passed when spirited nations held it to be a solemn duty to rescue their citizens from the clutches of barbarians. And if this is the errand on which Stanley is bent, this country, at all events, will wish him Godspeed.

The destruction wrought in Central Africa by the slave stealers within the past five or six years is appalling. In regions where Livingstone, Stanley and Cameron saw large populations, no human inhabitant can now be found. Most of them have been captured or slaughtered, and remnants of tribes have escaped into other districts. Along three hundred miles of the Congo, between Nyangwe and Stanley Falls, the Arabs, according to Gleerup and Lenz, have depopulated about 15,000 square miles of territory. The numerous tribes whom Stanley first saw have become slaves or in greatly depleted numbers wander through the forests far from the river. About 10,000 square miles of the rolling prairies west of Tippo Tib's home at Kasongo have been utterly drained of their people. About 20,000 square miles on the western headwaters of the Congo are no longer a profitable field for slave hunting. In the very region where Livingstone died and where his heart was buried, extending southeast from Lake Bamweolo, and embracing about 15,000 square miles, the Arabs, we are told by Giraud, have completely ravaged the country. And from all these centers of devastation the paths of the destroyers leading to the slave marts and shipping points may be traced by the bones of the victims who fall by the way. It cannot be possible that the civilized world will much longer permit this colossal crime of the century to add to its murderous results without taking earnest measures to put a stop to it.

A disgraceful scene took place at Castle Garden a few days ago which deserves the severest censure. Two hundred emigrants from Sweden had just landed from the steamer Hecla and were immediately seized upon by the agents of rival railroad lines. They were pulled about and hauled and jostled as if they were so many cattle that needed prodding. Their railway orders were torn out of their hands by the railroad hirelings. Their baggage was smashed and lost in the confusion. Families were separated and subjected to all kinds of indignities, merely because there had been a quarrel between the members of a railroad "pool" and each agent was trying to get the bulk of travel over his own line. It is only a short time ago that Representative Ford's investigating committee exposed the abuses of Castle Garden, and it was thought and hoped that the publicity given to the arrogance of transportation companies in their treatment of emigrants, would check their rapacity, but it seems that it has only sharpened their greed. A more summary method of bringing these railroads to a proper respect for law and decency ought to be adopted to protect innocent men, women and children from their rapacity.

The late Richard A. Proctor, it appears, had no faith in the modern system of weather guessing, based on the so-called science of "planetary meteorology," or the appearance of sun spots. Some years ago while storm-bound at Davenport, Iowa, the professor was interviewed by the editor of the Democrat, and reference being made to that subject, he said: "Oh, that is all humbug; you might as well try to tell where the largest wave or the greatest white cap will rise during a storm in mid-ocean, as to locate storms by observing the position of the planets or the size of sun spots. It cannot be done. Look at it a minute. You single out a very small portion of the earth, which is a very small portion of our universe, and say the movements of the heavenly bodies will produce such and such conditions of weather in a certain neighborhood, region, state, continent! The earth isn't concerned more than any other planet. The vast extent of untold millions of miles is narrowed down, localized to an atom, as it were. No astronomical research justifies any such thing. I have no patience with it.

The German government will ask the reichstag to sanction the building of a number of men-of-war.

My Brother-in-Law's First Wife.

FRONA W. COLVIN.

My sister Agnes had made what I should call the great mistake of marrying a widower. Not that I had any spite against grave, good-looking Henry Mayne, yet he was not the sort of man that I could ever bring myself to "love, honor and obey," if I were a woman, even if he had never been married before. He was always wont to repeat the good qualities of his wife when he used to come to our house, before he was my brother-in-law, and I don't know but I thought, at that time, that it was very commendable in him to pay such tribute to his departed companion; but there came a time when this constant allusion to "Maggie" made me disgusted.

I have often heard my father say that it was never safe to marry a widow unless her first husband had been hung, and even then she was liable to declare that hanging was too good for number two; and to effect this remark, I will add right here, that in my humble opinion, it is never well to marry a widower unless his first wife has eloped with some other man, and even in that case, perhaps number two would get informed that the only thing lacking to cause her to do likewise was a chance.

Henry Mayne was holding a pre-emption next to our claim when we first made his acquaintance, and about all we knew of him was that he was an honest, industrious, prosperous farmer, was a widower, with one child who was staying with his married sister in Chicago, till his younger sister, Mamie, should finish her education and come to keep house for him, and bring his little girl. He informed us that Mamie had made her home partly with him and partly with the other sister since she was fifteen, at which time they had been left orphans.

We had known Mr. Mayne over a year when it came time for him to make final proof of his claim. On a pre-emption one can make proof at any time, after living on it six months, within thirty-three months. Mr. Mayne had stayed the entire time, but now that the limit was reached he made his proof. I was never more surprised in my life than when Agnes, having followed me one morning when I went out with the herd of cattle, informed me that Henry was going farther west to take a homestead and timber-claim and she was going to be married to him and go with him. I had no objection to the man, but I set before her the difficulties of a step-mother. I consider the rearing of other people's children about as thankless a task as anyone can undertake.

"But some one must take care of her, and I don't know but I am as capable of doing so as any one," urged Agnes.

"I never for a moment doubted that, my little sister. You will be a model stepmother; but the question is, how about the child. Will she prove a model step-daughter?"

"Henry is good-natured, and he always says his first wife was a saint," replied Agnes meekly, "so I think the child ought to have a pleasant disposition. Father and mother think it will be a good match, and—I am twenty-five, you know."

"Well, to make a long story short, they were married and went to Kansas to take more land. I was twenty-one pretty soon after, and as they knew I intended taking claims when I should have reached my majority, they wrote me to come there.

They had been married six months when I went. Henry had been after little Becca instead of waiting till Mamie had graduated, as he at first intended, and it was just as I feared, she was a little terror.

"I can't see where the child takes that evil temper from," said Henry, a few minutes after I arrived, when Becca threw herself on the floor and kicked and screamed and then held her breath till she was black in the face because I would not allow her to pound my watch with a hammer. "I am sure Agnes will bear me out in saying that I never display temper, and as for the child's mother—well, Maggie came the nearest being an angel of any woman I ever saw. I may say, she was the very best person I ever met."

I glanced at Agnes. There was an expression on her face which caused me to believe she had heard "Maggie's" praises sung often, but she looked very much embarrassed when she saw how annoyed I was at hearing her husband praise another to the disparagement of herself.

"If she was better than Agnes she must have been sufficiently good not to need masses said for her soul," I remarked, nettled.

Henry glanced first at me and then at Agnes.

"I was not making any comparison," he said, probably observing that I was jealous for my sister, even if she was not for herself.

At supper I praised Agnes' biscuits. They were made of sour cream and I considered them delicious. Then, too, I knew she must have remembered my partiality to that kind and made them expressly to please me.

"Rather too rich to be light enough," observed her husband. "Maggie made the lightest biscuits I ever saw, I think."

Agnes looked at me imploringly, so I said nothing, though I awfully longed to. I was disgusted at his overlooking the perfections of my excellent sister and constantly whining about the former Mrs. Mayne. If he thought so much of her, why had he not been true to her memory and remained a widower? It seemed to me it would have been more to the point to have bestowed a meed of praise upon the living wife occasionally, instead of constantly canting about the virtue of her predecessor. But in the first ten days of my stay I never heard a single compliment paid to Agnes by her husband, and if I tried to make up the deficiency myself, "Maggie" was always lugged in, and her goodness extolled till I was sick and disgusted. I would have called him to order on the subject had it not been that on the first night of my arrival Agnes had made me promise not to, and every day kept reminding me of my promise.

"He does not mean anything offensive. It is right enough for him to love and admire his first wife. I am sure, if I had been a first wife it would have been a pleasant reflection that, if my husband survived me, he would still admire me and remember my virtues, even if he married again," was the way she excused him.

"Stuff and nonsense! A man or woman ought never to mention a first companion in a way to cause jealousy on the part of the second—for if you were like the majority of human beings, you'd be perfectly green with jealousy by this time. I'll venture to say, now, if you had been Mrs. Mayne No. 1, and Henry had extolled you to 'Maggie,' supposing her to have been Mrs. Mayne the second, to the extent he has her to you, she would have flown into a rage, and pulled every hair out of his head long ago."

When I had been with them about ten days Mamie came home from school.

"You'll find Mamie somewhat giddy," Henry remarked to Agnes as he was preparing to drive to the station to meet his sister. "She was always so, in spite of Maggie's wise counsel and good example to her."

I devoutly hoped that, giddy or not, she would not join in the refrain when Henry chanted the former Mrs. Mayne's praises; for, hard as she struggled against the feeling and tried to hide it, I saw that this sort of thing was making Agnes' life miserable. I was prepared to detest Miss Mamie, but was agreeably disappointed in her. She was a spirited brunette, whose only tendency to giddiness—at least all I could discover—was a habit of laughing unrestrainedly and using school-girl slang.

"How awfully much Becca is growing to look like you," she said to Henry one day when she had been there nearly a week.

"Do you think so? Now I think she more and more resembles her sainted mother every day."

Mamie looked puzzled a moment then burst out laughing.

"Fancy the Madonna with a turn-up nose!" she exclaimed.

"I don't understand you," said Henry.

"Didn't I understand you to say she looked like the Virgin? You said 'her sainted mother.'"

"I meant her natural, not her spirited mother."

"Well, I reckon you wouldn't try to make Mag out a saint? If you would, what would you call Agnes?" she asked, with a frankness that seemed to annoy her brother.

"Agnes is a good woman, too," he replied, gravely.

"I should think so!" exclaimed Mamie. "Why, if you had made remarks about the pancakes to Mag as you did to Agnes this morning, she would have thrown the whole plateful into your face. So would I, for that matter. I shouldn't have been surprised to hear you call her a saint, but I think you must be losing your memory if you imagine Mag to have possessed any such thing as saintliness. My goodness, how she used to rake you over the coals!" rattled on the young lady, greatly to my amusement and Henry's discomfiture. "I should think you'd miss something out of your life if Agnes is always like she is since I've been here. Never a day went over but you and Mag had a quarrel when I was at your house during her life time."

"I was entirely at fault," he said with a very red embarrassed countenance. "I have tried to be very different with Agnes."

"Well," laughed Mamie, it does me good to hear a man acknowledge that he is at fault about anything, but I can't say I entirely agree with you in this case. Now, there was that time she hit you over the head with the skillet because you insisted upon her wearing heavy shoes in wet weather. I don't really think —"

"Maggie is dead, you must remember," broke in Henry. "Would it not be well to let her rest peacefully in her grave?"

This same thought had sometimes occurred to me, during my stay there, when he had been constantly dragging her name into the conversation in most uncalled for places.

"I know it's customary to say nothing but good of the dead," replied saucy Mamie, "but I couldn't help calling these things to mind when you intimated that Mag was of an angelic disposition."

I could have embraced Miss Mamie for these utterances. However they may have wounded her brother's feelings, they were balm to mine. I will even admit that they were impudent and irreverent, but I thought they were deserved, and they had the good effect to save me from the annoyance of hearing anything more about the "departed angel" for some days.

One morning when Henry had gone to town, I sat in the sitting-room reading. Agnes was combing Becca's hair, and Mamie was idly turning over the books and looking through them.

"What an odd creature you are!" she exclaimed, suddenly turning to Agnes, "Here, you've got Mag's picture next to Henry's in your Bible."

"That was hers. Henry gave it to me a few days after we were married with a request that I leave it just as it was," replied Agnes.

"What did he give it to you for if he wanted to keep it undisturbed? To be aggravating?" inquired Mamie, indignantly. "If ever I have a husband, you can bet your basic shekel no other woman's picture will have a place next his—request or no request. What excuse did he have the cheek to make for such a request, anyhow?"

"He said he should always love me next to—to—his first wife, and he gave me the Bible because it was hers, and I was the only person he felt willing should have it," explained Agnes, embarrassed.

"And you didn't throw it at his head!" inquired Mamie, wonderingly. "Well, I must say you are a—shall I say saint or simpleton, Mr. Harlen?" she asked, turning to me.

"Both," I said, half impatiently. Agnes' submission annoyed me.

"I don't see what makes Henry so ridiculous about his first wife," Mamie said, after Agnes had quitted the room. "I can see that it hurts Agnes to have him always making out that Mag was superior to her; but she wasn't, by a long way. When they were first married she did seem real good, though no one could ever convince mamma that her goodness was sincere. She always declared she was a hypocrite, but she and Henry got along all right till old Dame Pigeontrot—that's Mag's mother—put in her appearance. I'll never forget what a spectacle she was the first time she came to see them. They were over at our house and she came there to see them. She was the hardest looking specimen of the human race I ever laid my eyes on. She wore a black dress sewn with white thread a pair of shoes that certainly never had been blacked, and they were laced with wrapping-twine twisted and doubled. Her dress came to her shoe-tops in front and reached the floor behind her. But her looks were the best part of her. She was a Jezebel, let me tell you.

"Henry would have given anything to have kept us from finding out about her at home, but it was the talk of the neighborhood what a disagreeable old woman she was, and of course it reached our ears. Henry still held up for Mag, declaring she was not at all like the rest or her folks till one day mamma gave him her opinion, that it was possible, yet hardly probable, that a dove could be reared in a hawk's nest. You see we had heard about how the old lady was so aggravating, and set Mag up to so much meanness that Henry had been obliged to ask his mother-in-law to leave; she had refused to do so, he had insisted, and when he went outside to work, Mag and her mother locked the door on him and kept him out till he agreed to maintain the old lady in a house of her own. He not only had to provide for her, but for all the rest of the family who made it a point to stay either at his house or at old Mrs. Pigeontrot's all the time.

"Mamma died about a year before Mag, and I lived with them part of the time, and I must say I can't see how Henry can forget the abuse he suffered at that woman's hands. She was the poorest cook and the most slovenly housekeeper I ever saw, yet I have heard him brag about her being perfect in both respects to Agnes since I've been here. It's more than I can do to hold my tongue, it aggravates me so to hear him."

"It is natural," I replied "to think and speak only good of the dead, though I am like yourself, I cannot see the justice in it. I presume the tragic manner of her death affected him greatly, and I have noticed in such instances a tendency to endow the dead with only good forget all faults and failings."

"He told you about her being drowned, then?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"I presume he didn't tell you how it came about, did he?"

"He said she was going to her mother's on horseback, and when crossing a bridge across a deep, narrow creek the bridge gave way."

"Oh, yes; that's all true. But her own stubbornness brought it about. Becca was only three weeks old at the time, and it had been raining all day; so when Mag took a notion to go to her mother's in the evening, Henry didn't want to take the baby, nor her either into the damp air. He told her the bridge was rotten and they would have to go four miles around to the other bridge—too long a journey for either herself or the child on a stormy night. Well, she flew into a rage when she found he was not to be over-persuaded, and raved and stormed and pronounced all manner of imprecations upon the baby for ever having come into the world to bother her, and finally telling me to mind it went out doors. Pretty soon we heard the sound of a galloping horse and Henry ran out and saw her riding away towards her mother's. He followed in hot haste, hoping to reach her before she got to the bridge, but she beat him by a few rods and rode right on, though I could hear him screaming to her not to venture near to the house. The horse got out all right but it was too late when at last they got Mag's body. She was dead.

"When the tidings were carried to Dame Pigeontrot, she wanted to have Henry arrested because she declared it was all his fault. She pretended to take it awfully to heart, though she and Mag always quarreled and fought so before Mag was married that she couldn't stay at home. She finally contented herself by carrying away everything there was in the house, and even raised a row because she couldn't find Mag's fine shoes. I expect she thought Sister Callie or I hid them back, but they wouldn't have done either of us any good, as we both wear number three and hers were sixes, though I heard Henry tell Agnes last week that Mag wore twos and a half.

"When 'Mother Pigeontrot' found Callie and I were to take charge of the child, she was in a fine rage. She wanted Henry to let her keep it, and pay her four dollars a week for doing so. He wouldn't do it, and she only shows herself once a year since. She pretends to come to see Becca, but really to get a few dollars from Henry. I heard she and her son were out west some place holding claims."

Not long after this bit of information was given me, Madame Pigeontrot appeared at Henry's in all the glory of a Mother Hubbard made of curtain calico, a pair of blowshoes, her hair done in a knot the size of a walnut, underneath a brown walking hat trimmed in green. She rode a lean, patient-looking broncho and affected the manners of a man. She insisted that now, since Henry was married again, she should be intrusted with the care of Becca and be paid twelve dollars a month for her "keep" as she termed it. When Henry refused to comply with her demand, she heaped upon him, and Agnes likewise, epithets which were neither well-chosen nor elegant, and rode away shaking her fist at her ex-son-in-law and consigning his soul to the shades below.

He could scarcely look any of us in the face for a week or so, and, from that day to this, I have never heard his first wife's name pass his lips.—*Yankee Blade.*

How They Got Their Wives.

Recently there was a gathering of young married couples, and the conversation turned on the manner in which the wives had secured their husbands. One had paved the way to the altar by making a face at the fated one because she thought he had stared at her impudently. He admired her mettle and sought an introduction. Another had made the acquaintance of the man who is now her husband by accidentally sousing him with a pan of dish water, which she tossed out of the kitchen window into an alley just in time to catch him as he was passing. The one that was, however, voted to be the most novel was the experience of a young man connected with the municipal government. The latter was in the habit of passing, on his way home the residence of a young lady who is now his better half, and one evening, out of a spirit of mischief, she "accidentally on purpose" turned the hose on him. He faced about, blushed violently, and stammered a "thank you" in response to her roguish smile, and from that moment he knew he was fated.—*Louisville Post.*

The Precocious Boston Girl.

The talk one hears from young children on Boston streets sometimes is amazing in the worldly knowledge it reveals. Hurrying down Cambridge Street yesterday to catch a car for over the bridge, a groupe of three little girls—hardly more than babies—were hurring on ahead. "Yes," said one, "I play with her, and I think she's real nice, even if her father and mother are divorced. That makes it awful bad for the family, you know, and makes folks talk about them, but she ain't to blame." The air of worldly complacency with which the trio regarded the situation would have done credit to their elders; but it is impossible not to question what will be the result by and by—a help or a misfortune.—*Boston Advertiser.*

He Had Important Business.

"Oh, papa," she said with a blush. "Young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening, and says he wants to see you on some important business."

"All right, my dear," responded the old man, chucking her playfully under the chin. I guess I know what the young man wants."

That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once:

"Mr. Hendricks," he said, boldly, "I want to ask you if you have laid in your winter's stock of coal."—*New York Sun.*

STORY OF A TOY BANK.

It Tells of a Man's Love for His Benefactor.

Sitting in the office of one of Boston's prosperous lumber merchants the other afternoon, enjoying a friendly chat, I noticed on the desk a small toy bank. My curiosity being excited, I remarked to the merchant:

"Keeping that little box in the office to drop pennies in for the son and heir, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That toy has quite a history; and although it may be used in the future for the purpose you speak of, it never has up to the present time, for it only came into my posession yesterday."

Still curious, I inquired as to the nature of the "history" alluded to, and finding the merchant rather unwilling to tell it, I politely pressed him for particulars.

"Well, you seem to be determined to get it out of me, anyway, so I'll tell you the whole story of how the little bank came into my possession, for it is so refreshing to be able to speak of a genuinely honorable man in this age of shams and impostors.

"It was in 1881, and I was in the employ of a large firm over the way as book-keeper, occasionally transacting lumber sales in the city. I had been on a visit to East Boston one afternoon, making a sale of lumber, when on returning to the ferry, I reached the landing just as the boat departed. I walked around the warf, and noticed, seated on one of the benches, a young fellow evidently in great pain, for he was moaning and holding his head between his hands.

"A number of persons kept passing and repassing him while waiting for the next boat, but no one seemed to notice him. I, however, thought there must be something the matter, and when I reached the spot again where he was seated I asked him the cause of his apparant pain.

"He told me that he had a short time before met with what he had thought to be a trifling accident up in the railroad freight yard. He was a brakeman, and during the shifting of some cars had been slightly squeezed between them, but had not taken much notice of it for a while. Soon after, however, he felt very bad, and was now on his way to his lodging, being unable to keep on with his work. He said he was a stranger in Boston, and had no home further than a room in a lodging-house, and not a friend who could do anything for him.

"Feeling sure the poor fellow was hurt much more than he thought himself to be, I offered my help when the boat came into the slip, and walked with him to the cabin. On arriving at the city side I found he had grown much worse, but with my help he managed to walk to Hanover street.

"I now began to feel quite alarmed for him, but by cheerful persuasion he managed to walk as far as the police station, where he entered, and I spoke to the Captain explaining under what circumstances I had found him, and suggested the ambulance to convey him to the hospital.

"The Captain, however, thought that as he had been able to get so far, he could get on a horse car, and by that means reach the hospital. I felt that I ought not to leave him, and finding that he had not a cent about him, I placed him in a horse car and accompanied him to the hospital, where he was admitted in a very weak condition.

"When I parted from him I gave him some money, and he promised to write or call upon me as soon as he was able, which he hoped would be before long, and as he thanked me for my kindness, with tears in his eyes, I was indeed a proud man, and felt well repaid for my trouble in looking after him.

"Some three weeks after when the little incident had gone from my mind, I received a letter from him stating that he should be able to leave the hospital in a few days, and that he would call upon me at my home; and one evening shortly after he did so.

"After thanking me for my kindness again, he told me he had been injured much more than he thought, his skull being somewhat crushed, besides injury to other portions of his body, and during our conversation I found that he was penniless. In as quiet a manner as possible I pressed upon him a few dollars to help him along. He reluctantly accepted my offer, and on parting told me that I should hear from him again when he would repay what he insisted should be a loan and not a gift.

"This occurred, as I said, in 1881, and I had never seen or heard of him since that time until yesterday.

"It appears from the story he has told me that after visiting me he secured employment to take charge of a car-load of cattle to the west, where he remained at work for some time. He afterward came to New York, remaining there a year or two. While in that city business called him on two occasions to Boston, and each time while here he had tried hard to find me. He had gone to my residence, but found I had left the city, as I had moved out into the country after my marriage, and I had not given him the address of the firm in whose employ I had been at the time. So he had to return to New York without seeing me.

"During the present year he removed from New York to Boston, and still kept up the search for me, all his endeavors proving fruitless until the other day, while passing along this street, he was attracted by the name of the company with which I was formerly associated. There, that is the sign, straight across the street.

"The name of the firm came to his mind as that of the one I had told him I worked for, and he at once entered the counting-room, made inquiries, giving such a description of me as he could best remember, but was again unsuccessful, for no one of the clerks could give him information, I having left there several years ago to enter the firm of which I am now a partner.

"Singularly enough the gentleman who up to a about a year ago had filled the position I formerly occupied is now holding the same post for our firm, and his resemblance to myself is a striking one, we being, in fact, cousins. The senior of the clerks over the way saw from a description given a likeness of my bookkeeper, and although he he did not think he had been with the firm in the year mentioned, he advised the young man to step over to our office and inquire for him.

He came over, and the resemblance was so strong that he could hardly be convinced that he had not found the friend he said he had been searching for during the last six years.

"In the course of their conversation my cousin asked him if he remembered where the house was situated where he paid a visit to me, and on his mentioning the street, and knowing that I had formerly resided there, saw at once that I was the man he was looking for, and told him to come in yesterday, when I should be in the office.

"Yesterday he came, and had I not been acquainted of the case by my bookkeeper the recognition would still have been mutual. He was delighted to find me, and with tears in his eyes thanked me again and again for the little act of kindness I had performed years before, and to which he said he attributed his success since that time.

"He had been working in New York, and the first dollar he had ever managed to save he placed in that little toy, he having bought it for the purpose, and had added to his store until he had the amount I had given him, with interest.

"From that time he had been searching for me, but up to the day he had seen the name of the firm when accidentally passing along this street, he had not been able to get the slightest clew to my whereabouts.

"Two or three years ago he married, was now at work in Boston, and the little bank he produced from his pocket contained the sum I had loaned him, which he had sacredly preserved for the sole purpose of repaying me. Many a time his wife had asked him why he kept the little toy so carefully, and what the contents were for, but he had kept the secret even from her, and now that he had found me he hoped that I would not refuse to accept it.

"Seeing my reluctance, he said he was in constant work, had a good home and a loving wife, and he would not feel the payment; and he could not be satisfied without returning to me what he claimed had been the means of giving him his start in life, and could not feel happy unless I allowed him to complete the work he had for the past six years tried hard to accomplish.

"As you see, I have accepted the little toy, and I feel as proud as if I had been presented with some testimonial of respect by my employes.

"That is the story of the little toy bank."—*Boston Globe.*

Children's Imitativeness Illustrated.

Not long since there was a wedding up town, and quite a number of children, who are in the family, were present. The officiating clergyman made the ceremony a very brief one, and the children caught it all, and now not an hour passes that the ceremony is not gone through with by the little ones. On one occasion the two to be married were pronounced man and wife in a very short time, when the miniature clergyman astonished the family by saying: "It's so hot in here, we'll have to go in the hall to pray," and they followed him to the cooler spot, where they finished the services.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Remedial Nose-Blacking.

Some learned professors are discussing in a periodical the subject of snow-blindness and sunburn. The former has not much interest at the present moment, because just now we have no snow on the ground and are not likely to have any for some time. Yet it is interesting to learn, in view of future necessities, that the surest, if not indeed the only, preventive of snow-blindness is to blacken the nose.

Didn't Want Anything to Eat.

Lady (angrily to tramp at the back door): "You can't get anything to eat here." Tramp (politely): "I beg your pardon, madam. I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of your neighbor, but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations.—*Washington Critic.*